

Fodder Image

It is a cannon that I keep in my breast.
It is fast and, the salesman assured me,
accurate, if difficult to load. I have had

clever holes sown into my clothing
so I might drop flap and fire
without warning. Occasionally

I have used it on the bus. Sometimes
in the company of others. Usually
alone. Always with that skill

that becomes the expert. In spite
of the added expense I do not
reuse the ammunition.

A columnist in Sioux City, Iowa,
once implied that I had used the tiny wheels
to roll across mountains to her door.

In Tulsa they believe that I,
breathing through the long barrel,
had roamed the oceans.

In Munich there remains that unsolved
parking violation. I am content with
these legends, these mysteries, these lies.

There are Other Magazines

You did not understand.
You wrote again asking why
we returned your manuscript,
the stamps torn, that paste

between pages two and three
unbroken, the foot printed
on the love poem
to your mother. Really

I am moved. It was all
an accident. Your work --
beautiful! From a distance
it made our very desks.

Our typewriters threw off
their covers, the addressograph

rhymed, the paper cutters
eloped. Yea, the very air

of your envelope seemed charged
with drama, like an old parking meter
thirsting for change. It only needs
a little work: have you thought

of a different type face:
your stationery stained our pizza;
and those sloppy seals!
Are your diseases communicable?

But, you understand, we are all sensitive
men struggling with the same beauties
and truths, and we could never presume
to waste your time with a reply.

April Sunday
to Dick Martin

Christ escaped again this morning.

To his method
there are no clues but these:
a babbling woman, a sponge
an untorn shroud, a crown
of small red flowers, a transparent
man, the tracks of a boulder.

By his persistence
the authorities are confused,
or indifferent, their pursuit
half-hearted.

Toward his apprehension
there had been the usual round-up
of suspects, though the questioning
has yet to begin. The guard at the gate
have been given his description. Their captain
claims no man, in a halo,
has passed. Alone, the rabbi laughs.

The condemned is supposed to be armed
and some consider him dangerous,
if mad. It is only known with certainty
that his birth was strange,
that he has walked on fishes and bread,
that the nails in his wrist ring
when he laughs, that he thinks